

Junior Red

EW



March 1943



Promise

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Decorations by Margaret Waring Buck

Now is the time
When robins call,
The fretful horse
Stamps in the stall,
The cock claps wings
In orchards bare,
Under the hedge
Crouches the hare.

Now is the time
Spring fires burn.
The air is sweet
With smoldering fern.
And through the quiet
Hours of night
The gold-eyed frogs
Crock with delight.

FROM "THE LITTLEST HOUSE," BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

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Fire on the Mountain

MAY JUSTUS

Illustrations by Helen Finger

A DEEP BLUE HAZE hung over the peak of Little Twin Mountain and drifted down Kettle Creek and Darksome Hollow way.

"Fire's broken out on Far Side," the news went among the neighbors on this side. It had been burning now for several days. How had it started? Nobody knew. Maybe a spark from a hunter's pipe, a campfire left unattended, a brushpile burned on a windy day—no telling what had set it off.

"Fearsome news it everly is—fire on the mountain—" Mammy said, turning anxious eyes every now and then to the smoky mountain top. "What if it crosses over!"

"Reckon it won't now," Grandy said. "I hear tell they are fighting the fire from Glowrie Glen clear over to Wild Plum Creek. It won't ever climb the mountain, much less come across. But if it does sich a thing, we'll fight it the best we can."

"It would be a lot o' fun, I bet, fighting a fire," Matt muttered.

"It would be exciting sure enough, I reckon," Glory said, with a catch in her breath.

Almost every year a fire would break out near or far away. Then Grandy and the other men would leave their home labors and rush off to fight the foe wherever it raged. By great good luck, and management, too, it had never reached their hollow or climbed up this side slope of Little Twin.

Grandy went out for a look-around that night after supper. When he came back, his face wore an uneasy frown.

"The wind has shifted," he said. "An ill happenstance, certain sure. The fire yon side the mountain may sweep up Darksome Hollow way if it gets across the creek."

"God help us all then!" Mammy cried and Glory knew what she was thinking about—all the neighbor folk who lived on that side of Little Twin.

"Amen to that," Grandy said, "but right now I have a notion we'd better do something to help ourselves. We better round up some men and guard the Kettle Creek trail tonight, and make a fire road clear across Darksome Hollow way."

It was decided that Matt should ride Old Moses over to the Websters' and get Noah to warn folks on that side of the creek.

"Whoopie!" Matt yelled.

Glory slipped out in the cold to watch him ride away into the shadows. A boy could always do some things that a girl could not—or wasn't allowed to do! Matt could ride a horse bareback, sitting a-straddle, but that wasn't becoming for her, Mammy said, at least not away from home. Neither could she go out nights coon or possum hunting. Now here was Matt galloping off to have an exciting time fighting a fire. And she would have to

stay with Mammy and wait to hear all about it when Grandy and Matt returned.

"Glory, come in—you will catch a cold!" Mammy called through the doorway.

Grandy was standing before the fire putting on his new yarn mittens which Mammy had lately finished.

"But," he was arguing, "I'll likely snag a hole in them."

"I can mend a hole," replied Mammy, "but I can't sew up scratches in your skin. You'll need this, too, I am thinking. Wrap it up snugly around your neck and fold it over your chest."

"I don't need a muffler," Grandy declared. "Besides, that's for Sunday-go-to-meeting wear. I'll ruin it certain sure!"

"Better to ruin it," Mammy replied, "than to ruin your health, I reckon! Remember the cough you caught on that possum hunt last year. Lasted six weeks, day and night, in spite of all my dosing. Here, let me fix it."

Grandy grumbled deep in his throat—but left the job to her.

All of a sudden Glory heard the sound of hurrying hoof beats: *clipitty-clop—clipitty-clop*, coming across the creek.

"Matt—he's back in a hurry!" she cried, dashing out the doorway.



They swept furiously, their hands blistered, until the ground was bare of anything that could burn

"Fire!" Matt yelled. "It's broken through the gap at the other end of the hollow! Headed straight for the schoolhouse. Mr. Webster's on his way to start backfiring. No time now to warn any more neighbors. Noah's coming in a wagon to gather up folks as we go along. You and Mammy be ready by the time the wagon gets here."

Matt slid from Moses' back and Grandy hopped on and was off. And now they could hear the clatter and clack of the Webster wagon crossing the creekbed road.

Glory buttoned her coat with jerky fingers.

"Fasten it all the way," said Mammy, "clear to your neck. And tie your fascinator under your chin. I vow you're as careless as Grandy."

Mammy appeared to be ready now. It never seemed to take her more than a twist and a turnabout to get all fixed to go to anything, any time. While Glory finished her buttons—quick!—quick!—and the fascinator—there!—Mammy banked the fire. Taking a shovelful or two of dead ashes, she covered the glowing embers and half-charred chunks of wood piled upon the open hearth.

"There," she said with an anxious look, "I reckon that ought to keep. I do hope so, for I well remember that there have been no matches bought since we ran out last month."

"Hi—oh—hi!" came Noah's call. He had stopped the wagon down at the crossing place this side the creek.

"Coming—coming!" Glory cried, running ahead of Mammy, who lingered to latch the door.

"Get in and sit down by me," Noah said, helping her to clamber into the wagon. "Ma took time, as you can see, to bring herself a seat."

"I always do that," Mrs. Webster spoke up from the back of the wagon. "A splint-bottomed chair with a cushion eases up the bumps and bounces coming down the creek. I want all the comfort I can get when I set out on a journey to Big Meeting, or Far Beyant—or even to fight a fire! Get in," she said to Mammy now, "and I will share it with you. Reckon you could manage to sit on my lap—a little woman person like you, 'bout as light as a feather."

"No," Mammy said, "I will hunker down flat."

"Noah," Glory asked above the rumble of the wagon, "do you reckon we can manage to put it out—save the schoolhouse?" She nearly choked over the last question.

"If we are to get there in time—if enough folks come—if—!" A sob choked Glory's wail.

"Don't feel flustered," Mammy said. "Don't act flighty, or I shall wish that I had left you back at home."

Glory's cheeks glowed at this scolding, and she yanked a pigtail hard to make herself behave.

They were following the wagon road going down Darksome Hollow, instead of the Kettle Creek trail by which they went to school. Now they came to the O'Dell place, and Noah threw Glory the lines to hold while he went up to the gate.

"Hi—oh, Bud! Hi—oh!" he called. But nobody answered. "Hi—oh!" he called again. No one came to the door, but a crack of light showed along the sill.

"Somebody must be at home!" Glory called. "Maybe they're all in bed. Go up and knock."

In answer to Noah's pounding, the door shutter opened a hand's breadth and out poked an old woman's head in a nightcap. It was Gran O'Dell.

"If you're wanting anybody—they're not here—they're all at the play-party—that's where they are—the very last one!" she said in a loud voice, for she was quite deaf.

"Where—where's the party?" Noah shouted.

"Where? Where? Why I've told you—at the play-party—over on Caney Creek!"

"Caney Creek!" Noah cried hopelessly. "Ten miles over the mountains!"

"Come back tomorrow—they'll all be here!" yelled Gran, closing the door.

"Gone," groaned Noah as he strode back to climb into the wagon. "Let's stop at the Tylers' next, and see if they're gone, too."

Glory felt too frightened to speak. Farther down Darksome Hollow she had seen a tree top flaming like a red flag against a starry sky.

At the Tylers' not even a crack of light welcomed them. Nobody answered Noah's call. He went up and knocked, but got no answer.

"Sound asleep, maybe," his mother said. "Knock louder." Noah knocked with both hands—with his fists—he fairly pounded.

All of a sudden, a shrill voice yelled: "Go away! I've run away the others—and I'll run you off, too, iffen you don't get away from that door!"

Noah left. "Old Mike—he's drunk—crazy drunk," he told them. "He's chased his folks away from home, and he's no help. Well, let's



"If we get there in time—if enough folks come—to save it!" Glory wailed as they bumped along

go on. No need to waste time looking for folks to help us, looks like. What do you all say?"

"Yes!" cried Glory, her frightened eyes peering through the shadows of the crooked hollow to an elbow bend which cradled the schoolhouse. Before it closely hovered a sweep of flame-lit sky like a crimson wing.

"Oh, yes!" Mammy cried. "Let's go on and do what we can. Maybe some of the neighbors have gone ahead with our menfolks—and others may be behind."

"Amen to that hope!" groaned Mrs. Webster. "Fire's like a hungry wild woods varmint when the wind is high."

"Look a-yonder—just ahead—why it's Dovie and her mother!" Glory cried as she recognized two figures in the road. Both had big brush brooms slung across their shoulders.

"Nobody told us about the fire—I saw it," explained Dovie. "It's easy to see from our back door. It's right behind the schoolhouse. We aimed to sweep a fire road around it to save it if we could."

She sat on the front seat close beside Glory.

At the next turn in the road, Noah stopped the wagon. "Mustn't take the horse too near the fire," he said.

A fearsome sight it was to see beyond the clearing where the schoolhouse still stood safe. Near the fringe of blazing woods the men had started a fire road—a clean swept border of ground too wide for the fire to pass. Besides Mr. Webster, Grandy and Matt, there were only a few other men. All were working on the fire road, some with axes, others with rakes and hoes and brooms made of brush.

"Got to make the fire road a lot wider," Grandy called to the newcomers. "It's our one and only chance to save the schoolhouse and keep the fire from sweeping clear up the hollow. Can't backfire tonight, on account of the high wind."

Glory found herself a big brush broom and started to work beside Dovie, sweeping back the leaves and twigs—anything that could burn, leaving the ground bare. Swinging her brush broom, she worked hard, she worked fast, with no thought of resting. She forged ahead of Dovie. But it wasn't very long till she had a blister on each hand (she had forgotten her mittens). And when she tried to straighten up, her backbone felt unhinged. She was too hot and weary to work fast, but she managed to keep on. Dovie had caught up with her now and they pushed along together. Dovie had blistered her hands, too.

"I have a notion," Glory cried. "Let's take off our stockings and wear them on our hands. Mammy once made me some mittens out of an old pair of stockings when I was hoeing corn. These brush broom sticks are rougher than hoe handles," she added, as she felt another blister in each hand.

The stocking gloves, being well knitted of thick yarn, kept their fingers warm and eased the hurt of the blisters, too.

The fire had come to the edge of the road in several places, and these must be guarded closely. Again and again sparks went flying across and lit in the edge of the school yard, ready to start a fire in the grass or drifted leaves.

"Get on, Beck! Get on, Beck!" It was Uncle Bildad Cooley in his mail wagon coming across the creek. But he wasn't carrying mail now. He had a wagonload of people who had started to the play-party and turned back when they saw the fire from Tiptop. The O'Dells, the Owens, the Greeleys, and Miss Judy, the teacher, last of all, came piling out.

"Need a little help?" Uncle Bildad called.
"You bet! All we can get!"

Nobody had to be set to work. They started out with a will. Bud O'Dell took Dovie's place.

The school teacher took Glory's. Oh, how good it seemed to stop and rest awhile!

The schoolhouse yard was swept bare. Some of the fighters brought water from the spring and dampened the roof side nearest to the fire.

The hungry flames licked here and there along the fire road edges, nibbling greedily as long as there was anything to devour.

The wind had shifted a bit now. To the left, the fire was sweeping to its certain death at the banks of Kettle Creek. Now it was possible on the right to do some good backfiring against the time when the wind might turn.

Glory, Dovie, Noah and Matt sat on a log together, resting from their hard work, watching the dying fire.

Grandy came up with Mr. Webster. "A mighty good thing," he was saying, "enough folks got here to clear that road—and clear it in time."

"Yes," Mr. Webster agreed. "It's all that saved the schoolhouse."

Glory thought thankfully: "I got a chance to help."

Miss Judy came up by and by. "The danger seems to be over, but some of the men are going to stay on guard all night. The rest of us can go home now," she said.

"Yes—but not all of a sudden!" Uncle Bildad Cooley said. He turned to some of the folks. "Where's that fancy feed you all were toting to the party? Let's have refreshments before this crowd breaks up."

A big whoop went up.

"Hurrah! That's a mighty fine notion!"

"Bring on the vittles. I could eat a whole pie and plate!"

"Boy, howdy! So could I!"

They gathered around a brush fire left burning safely on the edge of the school yard, while the food was passed out. The cakes, the cookies, the pies meant for the party all appeared quickly, and disappeared just like scat.

"This stuff came in handy after all," said Uncle Bildad. "Made a nice surprise."

Somebody laughed, "And we're having our party, too!"

"Yes, sir-ree! I say so!" somebody else agreed.

"A surprise party—it's a fact!—in more ways than one," Uncle Bildad chuckled.

"I'm glad I could come to it," Glory spoke up.

And this time the whole crowd laughed.

Note: You will meet the characters in this story in a good book, "Cabin on Kettle Creek," by May Justus.

The Galápagos— Enchanted Naval Base

VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

THE GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS are in the news. For our government has taken over, by agreement, the arid, volcanic islands that lie plunk on the equator in the blue Pacific. What will our soldiers find there? What will they see on these jagged cinder heaps only a thousand miles southwest of the Panama Canal? Well, for one thing, there will be no tourist shops, no fortresses or old-world castles, no groves of orange trees or coco palms. Instead, there will be birds—sea birds, land birds, tame hawks, inquisitive finches, herons, frigate-birds; these will fill the skies. On the ground, spiked with sharp, shaggy gray lava, will be giant tortoises and large dragon-like iguanas.

But there will be people, too, and legends and history will crop up behind every lava rock. Perhaps in preparing our bases our soldiers may even dig up the pirate treasures that are thought to be buried there. Whatever they do or do not discover, it will not take our soldiers long to find out that these Galápagos are no mere cinder heaps stuck in the blue Pacific, but important islands, which, had they been seized by our enemies, could



Tortoise meat and oil are used on the islands. This Albemarle man brings a tortoise in by donkey



MAP BY ANTONIO SOTOMAYOR

have been used effectively against our supply lines to Australia and against our life line, the Panama Canal.

"What are these islands like?" I should say they are like nothing else in the world. On every hand there are gaping craters, fumaroles and vents. Volcanoes still belch out lava, smoke and flame, and earthquakes rock the earth. Along the fringe of the islands is lava, jagged lava that rips leather, sharp lava that will cut like a razor, and slabs of lava, which sound like the clank of metal when you walk over them. Over this jagged terrain, which is like a moonscape, cactus and sharp-pronged bushes grow, plants as effective as barbed wire. This is true of most of the Galápagos. There are ten larger islands and a score of smaller ones. Albemarle, the largest, is 80 miles long, 40 miles wide and 5,000 feet high, while some of the smaller islands could be placed in the gaping crater of Albemarle's largest volcano.

Millions upon millions of years ago, volcanoes erupting beneath the blue Pacific began spewing out boiling lava. Slowly this lava built up and up until, at last, it thrust shaggy, smoking lava heads above the surface of the sea. Year after year, century after century, the lava piled up, until most of the islands were formed. Seeds wafted from South America clung to the lava. Seeds washed up to the shore took root. Birds blown out of their course came to the Galápagos, found no enemies, and remained. Then came iguanas, large tortoises from the South American mainland, a few small snakes, penguins from Chile, albatross from the Antarctic, roseate

flamingos from equatorial tropical lagoons.

There are people on the Galápagos now, but they were not always there. Most of the inhabitants, about five hundred in all, are Ecuadorians and Scandinavians. There are one or two Americans and, of all people, an Icelander. When the discoverer, Tómas de Berlángua, arrived on the islands by mistake in 1535, he found nothing but cactus, iguanas, sea lions, birds and thousands upon thousands of tortoises, which the Spanish called *galápagos*. After observing, "I do not think that there is one place where one might sow a bushel of corn," Berlángua sailed on to Peru and the islands entered history as "Los Galápagos"—the Tortoise Islands.

For three centuries the islands were deserted. No one could be found who would live among the cactus and the giant tortoises, for little or nothing could be grown on the meager soil. Of water there was none. The thirty inches of rain that falls on the higher levels percolates down through the lava and is lost. On only one island, Chatham, does the water collect in the hollow of an extinct volcano. So no one came to live at the Galápagos, although there was much activity about them. The English pirates, raiding Spanish shipping in the seventeenth century, used them as their headquarters. By this time, people believed that the Galápagos were enchanted. They were thought to be "floating islands," because the shifting currents were so strange that navigators thought the islands moved rather than the ships. After raiding the Spanish Main, the pirates would flee to the Galápagos and take refuge there among the broken tortoise shells and iguana eggs. It was these pirates who first mapped the islands and gave them the names that appear on the charts. Chatham and Buntington, Narborough and Albemarle and Hood were named after admirals and navigators, Charles and James Islands were named after English kings. To the Galápagos came the pirates to say their prayers, to enjoy their free-and-easies, to count their doubloons and pieces of eight, and measure silks of Asia with their long Toledo blades for yardsticks.

When the pirates quit the islands, along came the whalers. It was the day of our great whaling ships of New England. They soon found that the whales came to the Galápagos to "calf," to give birth to their young, and so the Galápagos became a whaling ground. The whalers, too, found that the *galápago* was good eating, a welcome change from the salt

pork and moldy bread served up from a whaler's galley. So the whalers put ashore to hunt the Galápagos tortoise. In fifty years more than 250,000 tortoises were killed for their meat and oil. These men of the sea and the whaling iron were the true discoverers of the Galápagos. They put up a barrel at Postoffice Bay at Charles Island and made the first post office, where they left letters to the home folk to be picked up by passing ships that were homeward bound.

But the real glory of the Galápagos remained unchallenged; that glory was the reptiles and birds found nowhere else. As the islands are cooled by the Humboldt Current sweeping up from Antarctica, few tropical birds came to the islands, despite the fact that the Galápagos lie on the equator. Instead, there are great ungainly iguanas, a land-iguana that lives on cactus, a sea-iguana five feet long that feeds on seaweed, and giant Galápagos tortoises with shells six feet across. These are found nowhere else in the world.

After the visit of the famous scientist Charles Darwin, who arrived on H.M.S. *Beagle* in 1835 to study the life on the Galápagos, the islands became very famous. Owned by no one, they were annexed by the Republic of Ecuador, which has controlled them ever since. Numerous times throughout the last hundred years our government has tried to lease the islands. As the Galápagos are so close to Panama and so close to the shipping lanes of South America, we knew that any unfriendly power possessing them could be very annoying. But up until now, Ecuador has refused all these requests.

I do not think that our soldiers will see many of the giant tortoises. They are going now, very rapidly. Wild dogs, wild cats, mules, cattle and pigs have taken their place. Many of the islands are well stocked with these "wild" domestic animals, which were left or shipwrecked on those lava shores.

Only three islands of the archipelago are inhabited, Chatham, Albemarle and Indefatigable. On these the people live simply, on bananas, coffee and potatoes grown in the meager soil of the Galápagos. There is little water and, until we acquired them, only a small sailing boat, the *San Cristobal*, came to the islands regularly.

Today the ghosts of the pirates will be put to flight by our builders who will clank over the lava as these enchanted Galápagos islands become yet another American bastion of defense.

A Clown of Binche

ALBERTA POWELL GRAHAM

I BOUGHT HIM from a shelf in the window of a little shop in Brussels, the beautiful capital city of Belgium. On the card beside him was written "Gille de Binche" and this is his story:

Gille de Binche is French for Clown of Binche and Binche is a town near the central part of Belgium about a hundred miles south of Brussels. When their country was free the people of Belgium had many festivals through the year, some of them church festivals and others to commemorate dates in history.

The festival of the Clowns of Binche came on Shrove Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, when Lent begins. Before the Nazis came, this festival had been held every year for almost four hundred years. It was observed first in honor of a royal visitor, King Philip the Second of Spain, who came on an inspection trip when Belgium belonged to Spain.

In those days, Spain was a powerful nation and owned a big part of Europe. And those were the days when Spanish explorers sailed the seas and claimed much of North America for the Spanish king. The soldiers of Spain had conquered Mexico, and had taken vast lands in Central and South America. Many of the fighting men had returned home with beautiful things from the conquered countries. Some of the soldiers even wore the garments trimmed with feathers which they had taken from the Aztec warriors of Mexico.

Young King Philip the Second went on a trip through his lands in Europe. And when he got to Binche, the citizens produced a carnival of clowns to amuse him. The costumes of the clowns were very bright and unusual. The tall helmets of plumes and the gay colors are said to have been copied from the Aztec costumes brought back by soldiers of Binche who had helped to conquer the faraway empire of Mexico.

The Clowns of Binche stuffed their blouses so that they looked like humpbacks. On the



The clown costume for the Shrove Tuesday Carnival of Binche in Belgium is said to be adapted from that of Aztec warriors of old Mexico

hump was a big shield of red, yellow and black cloth made to look like the shields the Aztec soldiers had carried when they fought for their emperor. A broad collar of pleated lace or silk and a wide belt with pompons of bright wool were always a part of the costume.

Figures of animals, stars and other designs cut from gay colored cloth were stitched on the trousers. There were rows of lace on the trousers and the sleeves of the blouse. Tiny copper bells were hung on the belt, blouse and trousers.

The crowning glory of the costume was the headdress of plumes. It was a big helmet of satin trimmed with lace and ribbons and embroidery, with tall ostrich plumes. The clowns wore masks and on the left arm each carried a basket or a bag to hold oranges and lemons, which they threw at the crowds that lined the streets.

The Clowns of Binche did not march; they danced through the streets to the music of their drums and their songs. They danced all together with the little copper bells and the tapping of their wooden shoes keeping perfect time.

At the end, the clowns met in the town square and joined hands and danced a gay round with their copper bells tinkling, their bright costumes flashing and their tall plumes tossing.

Of course, since the Nazis occupied Belgium, there has been no carnival of the Clowns of Binche on Shrove Tuesday. But, one of these days, this one of the United Nations will be free again, the Clowns of Binche will dance on Shrove Tuesday, and the Belgian people will again lift their voices in the song of their country:

The years of slavery are past,
The Belgian rejoices once more.
Courage restores to him at last
The rights he held of yore.



Emwah Goes Shopping

WALTER J. WILWERDING

Illustrations by the Author

THE SUN was setting as Emwah, the jackal, left his den. The den was dug deeply between two very big rocks on the west slope of the Pare Mountains in

East Africa. Thornbushes and spiked aloes hid the entrance, which was as safe as a jackal's den could be. Near it there was a flat rock like a shelf. Here Emwah could lie and watch. He often lay there on guard lately, for his mate had four soft little cubs in the den.

Emwah was a black-backed jackal and looked much like a small coyote or a fox. Stopping on the shelflike rock for a look about, to be sure none saw him leave, Emwah stood listening and sniffing. Beyond the wide valley of cactuslike euphorbia trees, flat-topped mimosas and twisted thorn trees, Emwah could see the jungle of palms and papyrus following the Ruvu River. Flocks of white herons were flying to their roosts in the swamps. Hippopotami bellowed and snorted. Guinea fowl and francolin called harshly. Herds of hoofed animals wandered through the scattered mimosa trees on their way to water. Emwah could hear the snorting of antelope and the barking of zebras. Monkeys chattered; baboons barked and grunted. It was just an everyday scene to Emwah. The grand view, the birds and animals, were just part of his life.

Emwah did not stop long to look at the view. He had to get something for dinner. Usually his mate went with him, but tonight she must remain with the very young cubs. There were too many clawed and fanged creatures about that could not be trusted. But Emwah did not expect to go far in search of dinner. This thorny wilderness was alive with birds and small animals that would do for a jackal's meal. It was much like shopping at the meat market. He could almost choose what he wanted, when he had luck. Now he went in the direction from which had come the strident sound of calling guinea fowl. He had decided on poultry for dinner.

The polka-dotted guinea fowl were flocking for the night. The whole thicket was black with them. Emwah sneaked close, belly to earth, but he did not catch one. Some guinea fowl came up to join the flock from behind Emwah. They saw him sneaking through the high grass and gave the alarm. All flew into the topmost branches of acacia trees. They would roost there for the night, well out of reach of Emwah and other meat eaters.

Emwah trotted away. No use staying to watch roosting guinea fowl. He had not gone far along the thorn-hedged trail before he saw two of the little dikdik antelope. These small antelope, not much larger than a rabbit, were feeding on mimosa pods beside the trail. Again Emwah sneaked along, belly to earth. The wind was in his favor and his chances of catching the dikdik looked very good. He did not see a touraco perched overhead. This long-tailed bird called harshly



like the bleating of a goat. The next moment the dikdik had vanished. Emwah missed his mate. The two had a system of hunting that rarely failed. One hid while the other went upwind from the game so the game would run toward the one in hiding and be caught.

Emwah went searching for something else. It was getting dark, for the twilight is short in Emwah's land. He could hear the roaring of a lion and the whooping and moaning of hyenas. The night-prowling lemurs were wailing in the high trees by the river. Emwah raised his sharp nose skyward to add his yapping voice to the night chorus. Satisfied with his outburst, he continued on his way. The wind in his face told him where he would find food. But it also told others, and these others were already well on the way, laughing, cackling and making wailing sounds like fire sirens. The hyenas had smelled the same thing.

When Emwah reached the place from which the scent of meat had come, the dark forms of hyenas were already circling about it. They were snickering, but did not go too close. A lion was growling over his meal.

The lion had caught a big warthog and was feeding on the fresh pork. Now and then he growled in a chopped-off, coughing manner, which meant, "Keep away!" The hyenas knew its meaning. So did Emwah. But there were a half dozen of the big spotted hyenas, and their number made them bold. One hyena took hold of a foot of the warthog and pulled. The lion turned furiously to strike at him with a huge paw. The hyena backed away cackling. While the lion was busy with this one, another hyena sneaked in from the other side and quickly bit out a mouthful of



Slapping at him, the lion sent one hyena spinning

meat. The lion made a furious rush at him. Other hyenas ran in quickly to grab at meat.

One hyena had torn loose a large piece of pork. Slapping at him, the lion sent this one spinning. The stolen meat went flying. Everybody rushed in to grab it, but Emwah was first. Snapping it up, he ran. Holding his prize firmly in his sharp teeth, Emwah sped toward home. Two hyenas came whooping on his trail. Unburdened, he could readily outrun any hyena, but the heavy piece of meat he carried made him lose ground. The moaning calls of the hyenas came closer and closer. He would have to outwit them somehow. He dared not lead them to his den.

Emwah ran toward the rim of a deep ravine. At the very edge, where the side was very steep, he stopped. He was winded from his long run with the heavy meat. Laying his prize on the ground, he stood panting. The hyenas had been quiet for a time. Perhaps he had thrown them off the scent. Emwah looked up and down the ravine. Here there was no way down. If he followed the ravine's

(Concluded on page 188)



"I Want to Work for the Front"

OLEG MELNIKOV

THE Union of Soviet Socialist Republics stretches across two continents from the north Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Finland. Its vast territory covers one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. It is divided into more than a dozen republics, each with its own government for local affairs. There are nearly two hundred million people in this vast Union and, judging by the way the Soviet troops keep up their fight, all two hundred million mean to drive out the invader.

In the great region that lies behind the Ural Mountains there is vast mineral and agricultural wealth which has been developed wisely during some years past. Moreover, big factories have been set up in that region to make a great many of the things that are needed for both military and civilian needs. Towns and villages have sprung up in the mountains and forests so quickly that their names do not appear on even the latest maps. In them beat the hearts of Soviet patriots who are meeting this second war winter with intense labor. The colder it is outside, the more metal is smelted, the more war material is produced.

Children, too, do their part. Last October a curly-haired boy in the Thirteenth School in the town of Tyumin applied to the director of a war production factory there. "I want to work for the front," he said.

"How old are you?" said the factory manager.

"Twelve."

"You should be in school and study," said the manager.

"I shall study," said the boy excitedly. "I shall study better than I do now. And I shall work after school hours. Here you are."

With these words he handed the director the application which he had written out before he came. As the director read the application, Borya stood with his heart in his mouth. He thought the man had looked at him severely when he came in.

This was what Borya had written: "I want to work for the front. I want to help the Red Army in its struggle against Fascism. I promise every day, after lessons at school and after preparing my homework, to work for the front for at least one hour."

The director thought awhile. Then he said, "Well, come on to the plant tomorrow and we will find work for you."

Borya's feet hardly touched the ground as he ran home.

Next day he appeared at the factory with two friends, Yura Motovilov and Shura Bogdanov. Ivan Mamaev, the head of the shop in the plant, supplied them with tools and parts and gave them instructions. They started enthusiastically to work.

And that is how in the town of Tyumin, the first Front Pioneer Brigade was formed, with Borya Ilyinski at its head.

It was more convenient to have the boys work before school than after, so now, every morning at eight, the members of the Brigade come to the factory. They work until ten, then go home for a rest and lunch. At 1:30 they are in school. After school the boys rest, have supper and prepare their homework.

Borya's idea has worked out well. His Brigade is now a well-organized body which grew from day to day. Some of the men and women workers thought the boys might spoil good materials. They were wrong. The quality of the work of the Brigade is excellent and the output is high. In fact, their output has been more than double the average for the shop. "We have no time. We are working for the front," they say when anyone tries to distract them from the job.

And they have not let the work interfere with their lessons, either. The members stated this law of the Brigade in a letter to all the school children of the town and region of Tyumin: "Those who wish to join our Brigade must be excellent in their studies. Those who lag behind, we help."

And now that they have serious responsibilities to the front, members of the Brigade don't get into any hot water on account of bad behavior at school. Even snub-nosed Yura Motovilov no longer takes notes home from the teacher.

Not long ago an order of the day in the factory commended Borya Ilyinski and his Brigade for the excellent way in which they had completed an assignment of work for the front.

—Cabled from Moscow.

Windy Weather Reading

Dash and Dart

MARY AND CONRAD BUFF

Viking Press, New York. \$2.00

DON'T MISS this beautiful story about the first year in the life of two fawns. Twin fawns, they are—Dash, and his sister Dart. Don't miss, either, a chance to see Conrad Buff's lithographs, some in full color, for the pictures of Dash and Dart and other creatures of the forest will make your mouth water.

Beside Mother Doe, the twin fawns learn many things during their first year. They learn to walk and run and hide. They come to know the sounds of the forest, to recognize bears and squirrels and butterflies and owls.

When the first strange snow comes to the mountain, all the deer go down to the warmer valley below. Dash and Dart must learn to eat leaves and willow twigs and acorns, instead of depending on Mother Doe for milk. They grow and grow. Their coats get longer and darker and the lovely white spots on their backs disappear.

Most of all, Dash wants to grow to be like the greatest buck among them, Old Horn, King of the Forest. But Dash has no antlers as the great buck has, even though his head itches and itches all the next spring between his long trembly ears.—A. A.

The Wishing Window

HORTENSE FLEXNER

Frederick Stokes, New York, 1942. \$1.50

"IT'S DARK. Everyone is asleep. We are all alone at Mme. Bon Bon's Shop." Clare and Jacques who, of all the children of Routon, had no pennies to spend for candies and tarts, enjoyed this little game. You see, they already knew the sadness that war brings. Their home had been destroyed, and they had to leave the place they loved so dearly. Mother and Father were with them, of course, and Grandma made them warm and com-



An illustration from "Dash and Dart" by Conrad Buff

fortable. But even carrots and carrot soup could not blot out the delicious smells from Madame Bon Bon's shop.

Day after day Clare and Jacques stood looking through the window at the wonderful sweets, pretending. "We are all alone in the shop. What are you going to taste first, Jacques?" "Caramels; nice sticky ones," he would whisper. There were other things in Madame Bon Bon's shop that the boy and girl loved, too—Mimi, the plump and friendly cat; the Whistler, who helped to deliver the buns and tarts and bonbons.

There were no sweets and buns at Grandma's; soon even the portions of carrots and carrot soup grew smaller and smaller. There was more and more talk of war. And then one night the children were awakened by a frightening explosion.

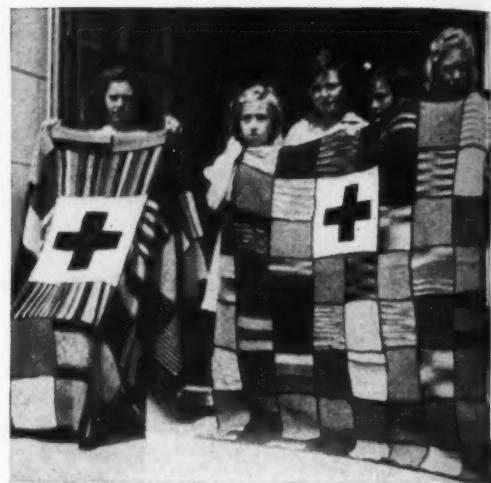
The story of how Jacques and Clare refused to be lost from each other as men and women, boys and girls, animals and carts pushed crazily through the countryside will make you realize how brave French boys and girls can be.—M. C. W.

WOOL GOES

"Baa, Baa, black sheep, have you any wool?" is really a answer. "Yes, for our armed forces, but not for civilians!" bers know it is more than ever important to take special other materials made of wool, which are in your homes for the duration. Salvaging wool, and making use of Red Cross job, particularly when such wool is made into and girls in Flagstaff, Arizona, made coverlets for Red donated by various tailors, cleaners and merchants. You this page. Your Junior Red Cross Chairman will help you



A JRC member in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, Andrew Alansky, has been making afghans from the wool of his own sheep, three of which are on this page. His mother, at left, is spinning the wool. Later it will be dyed and made ready for knitting



The little girl at right is posing with some of the many trouser cuffs received at the Red Cross Conservation Center in Washington, D. C. The cuffs are collected and sorted. Then they are sold to mills for reprocessing. The money is used for other Red Cross activities



Girls in Circle Park School, Fort Worth, Texas, liked the World War I afghan at left so much that they made a copy of it for World War II. The father of the girl holding the afghan received it when he left a hospital in 1918, after returning from France. It has kept perfectly all these years

Below: Making quilts for war relief from scraps of wool and cuttings from garments was the idea of these JRC members working at the Red Cross Center in Providence, Rhode Island



ES TO WAR

really a question nowadays. And the sheep might be killed!" Of course most Junior Red Cross members take special care of any woolen garments, blankets, or homes—for there just won't be any more of them. The use of wool scraps is another important Junior Red Cross project. Boys make them into really useful articles. For instance, boys make Red Cross ambulances from wool samples and girls make them into useful articles. You'll get other ideas from the pictures on this page to help you to put your plans in action.



COURTESY THE SCRANTONIAN

JRC members of Roosevelt School, Taylor, Pennsylvania, pitched in with a will to make Makino rugs for bomb shelters. At left they are clipping wool scraps for the rugs and tying them. Above, a member of the group and the JRC sponsor display a finished rug.



COURTESY THE READING EAGLE

The three girls above belong to the "Knit-Wit" club of JRC members from Schuylkill Avenue and West Greenwich Street schools in Reading, Pennsylvania. The boys sell scrap material to raise money for yarn, which the girls knit into afghans for Army and Navy hospitals.

Right: Last year, girls at Peter H. Burnett Junior High School, San José, California, also made afghans for the armed forces with wool from old sweaters, as well as anklets and wristlets for the Red Cross Chapter.

Church School, in Balsall Heath, Glastonbury, Somerset, England, sent this design of gamboling lambs in its correspondence album to Henry Barnard School, Tulsa, Oklahoma.



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The Red Cross War Fund

THE PRESIDENT of the United States has said that March is Red Cross Month. This is the month of the American National Red Cross campaign to raise \$125,000,000. The American Red Cross has 3,755 Chapters and 6,000 branches. The Chapters will keep \$45,000,000 of the sum for their work and the rest will go to National Headquarters for national and international work. More than half of the \$80,000,000 will be used for national services to our armed forces.

There are Junior Red Cross memberships in 3,268 of the Chapters. More than 15,000,000 boys and girls in our schools belong to these memberships. Every one of the fifteen million can be a help in the Red Cross War Fund campaign. They can speak at home of what they know about the Red Cross and what they themselves are doing as junior members. Because the Red Cross is part of a great world-wide organization; because it has the confidence of the people and of the government of the United States; because it has definite duties to perform for the men in our armed forces, you are offered through your junior membership certain opportunities to help which you could get through no other channels. The American Red Cross, for instance, arranged to get those Gift Boxes overseas for Christmas. Through the American Red Cross your National Children's Fund is used where it will do the most good to children who need it. Through the American Red Cross, you may share in an enormous

program of production of comforts and other "extras" for the men in our armed forces.

Mention these things to your parents and ask them to give to the War Fund.

"Our Country Is at War"

THE *Junior Red Cross Bulletin* published by Springfield, Massachusetts, members printed this editorial by fifth-graders of Washington School:

"Our country is at war and every citizen, young and old, should be helping to win it. Almost every child has an uncle, a brother, a father or some relation in the armed forces. If they are serving on the fighting front, we should serve on the home front.

"We should love our country more than ever. We should know its past and the history of its great men. We should read and learn about our country's place in the world today.

"When we hear or talk about war, we should keep calm; not get excited. The children in England keep calm and they have bombings. If they can, why can't we?

"We should keep well. Take care of our clothes. Save paper, pencils and books. Learn to do without things. Work with the Junior Red Cross. Buy stamps and bonds. Save and collect scrap.

"These and many other things we should do as we serve on the home front."

—Richard Rosenbloom, Judith Goldman, Barbara O'Neil.

Garden for Victory

THE other day an official in the U. S. Department of Agriculture told us: "Last year it was pretty important for everyone who could manage it to raise a Victory Garden; this year it is a patriotic duty." No plot is too small to count. Shipping space on trucks and trains is needed more and more for war supplies; vegetables once cheap and easy to get will be scarce and more expensive. And of course home canned fruits and vegetables need not be counted in supplies on hand for rationing purposes.

So plan your Victory Garden now. It is not too early to get the ground ready, to select and order seeds and spraying materials. Let your garden include vegetables which will give you lots of vitamins: tomatoes, green leafy vegetables, carrots, snap beans.

And save glass jars or bottles for putting up the extra vegetables and fruits you raise.



In winter, Newfoundland depends on dog teams, like the one at left, for transportation and seal hunting. Right, sealers examine a big seal which will supply valuable oil. Cook's Harbour School sent the pictures in an album

Mailed by Dogsled

NEWFOUNDLAND, the island Crown colony in the mouth of the great St. Lawrence River, has found itself in the thick of things since the war came. It is very important as an air center and men of our armed forces have been stationed up there for months. There also is a post of the American Red Cross, and, at the request of the Red Cross Field Director, the American Junior Red Cross sent decorations for the Christmas party for our soldiers. The Church of England School at Cook's Harbour, which is not far from Cape Norman, the northern tip of Newfoundland, has exchanged albums with the Johnson School in Baltimore. In its last album, the Cook's Harbour school wrote:

Newfoundland lies off the coast of Canada and in the mouth of the great St. Lawrence River. St. John's, our capital, is almost exactly halfway between the great cities of New York and London.

Our west coastline is fairly even and unbroken. Many ridges and valleys worn by glaciers run northeast and southwest; that is why there are so many bays and inlets on these coasts.

Our most important industry is fishing. Most of our fish is shipped to Spain and some to Brazil. We exchange fish for other goods. Paper is made from pulpwood at Grand Falls and at Corner Brook. The black spruce of Newfoundland is said to be the finest pulpwood in the world. Logging is important, too. In the winter the logger pulls the logs out to the stream and in the spring thaw the logs are rolled into the river, which carries them

downstream in a mad tumbling rush to the mills. Newfoundland is rich in iron ore, lead and zinc, silver and gold and copper.

The "Barrens" of Cook's Harbour is a limestone plateau. All this plateau was under the water two or three million years ago. When it was under water, fish died, probably because of a quick change in the temperature of the sea. They became sealed in the limestone deposit. The land rose, the sea wore away the limestone and there you can see the fish fossilized. On the Barrens are also fossilized bird nests, and many other kinds of fossilized remains we cannot recognize.

The first snow falls in the month of November, mostly in windy storms. Some days the wind brushes up the snow and comes over the Barrens blowing it like smoke. We "randy" on the hills of snow. We use a small komatik, an Eskimo sledge. A big crowd of us get on the komatik and steer her down the hill. When the snow is down in winter it freezes hard. To keep the homes warm the men haul wood with dogs and komatiks. In the snow we wear sealskin boots with rubbers over them sometimes. We wear slacks and parkas and snowshoes.

Drift ice comes from the glaciers of the polar regions on the bosom of the Labrador Current. It makes our winters cold and frosty. The ice blocks our bay and the coastal boat cannot get here. People cannot come in or go out in their motor boats to get wood for about five months. But the ice brings seals and seals are valuable. Catching them helps people along in winter when times are bad. Ice makes transportation by dog team easier.

In Newfoundland dogs are used for hauling wood and bringing water and when the people want to go anywhere in winter they have dogs haul them. We feed the dogs with fish heads, dog fish and seal fat. In summer, some dogs get their own living but those that are kept in the pens are given food. Most of the dogs are in the pens. When they get out, they eat whatever they can find. If they eat codfish which people are preserving for their own food, they are often killed.

One morning very early when Cook's Harbour awoke, soldiers were seen landing equipment.

People hadn't seen soldiers here before, and as they talked it over anxiously, they concluded that these were of the enemy.

They were Canadians, however, who came here because it was thought an enemy submarine had its base in Pistolet Bay. Their big ship was anchored in the bay. They had come to get people to take them into the bay in their motor boats. They made a close survey of the water. They made their headquarters at Cook's Harbour in a house that was newly built. They cooked for themselves. They played many kinds of games and had a few musical instruments to while away spare moments. When they were going away they gave the children their games because the children used to go there so often. Finally, the ship that brought them here sent a scow to the wharf and the soldiers and their luggage were soon speeding from the harbour.

We missed them very much, for they were here a whole week.

We have health inspection because we are members of the Junior Red Cross. We have colors for the names of the teams. There are four teams in our room. The last week of school the green team had 26 points, blue team 28, yellow 27, red 13. Points are for clean hands; fingernails clean and short; face, neck and ears clean; clean handkerchief; hair brushed neatly; teeth clean; good posture; whole team present.

Last week at a Junior Red Cross meeting we talked about flies, and as it was early in spring, we decided that they should be destroyed as soon as they come out of their hiding places. We have read that two flies are the precedents of about a million produced during the season. So we counted the number we killed so as to see how many millions we had kept from being born.

By the end of the week our record showed eight hundred seventy-four flies killed.

The Grenfell Mission was founded by a very great man, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell. When he came to Newfoundland he found extremely bad conditions here. With the help of Canada and the United States, he built up a wonderful organization. He was a preacher, teacher, doctor, magistrate and a general provider. He devoted a lifetime of hardship to the people of northern Newfoundland and Labrador.

The Grenfell Mission at St. Anthony, which is near Cook's Harbour, includes a hospital, a sanitarium, an orphanage, two schools, a farm, an industrial center and a clothing store. The hospital is a very large building which takes many patients from different parts of Newfoundland. Many of the doctors and nurses are from the United States.

The Grenfell workers tell the people what to do in case of any sickness, and people who can't pay are treated free. They take any motherless or fatherless children into the orphanage and care for them, giving them an education until they are able to care for themselves. On the farm they keep a lot of cattle and there is a veterinarian to look after the cattle so that the milk and meat will be pure.

The industrial center is very important, because people are given material with which they work at home, making hooked rugs and wooden ornaments and knitted goods. For payment, they receive clothing and sometimes cash.

In the summer two tourist boats, the S. S. *North Star* and the S. S. *New Northland*, come to St. Anthony, bringing visitors from the United States and other parts of the world.

In the winter our mail is carried by dog team. In the summer we connect with other countries by coastal steamers. The coastal steamer comes and carries the mail from Cook's Harbour to ports where vessels sail for other countries.

The first trans-Atlantic cable was laid in 1858 but after a few weeks it stopped working. In 1866, however, a famous ship, the *Great Eastern*, landed the first successful cable at Heart's Content on Newfoundland.

Our first railway ran from St. John's to Harbour Grace and was completed in 1884. When things began to get better, roads were made and radios were bought. This helped settlements to get in touch with each other. Before radios, Newfoundland was more isolated from the world than it is now. By means of radio, a great boon to our country, we can get news from all over the world.

Davy Crockett, Frontiersman

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

*I leave this rule for others when I'm dead:
Be always sure you're right, then go ahead.*

THIS was the motto of Davy Crockett, who grew up in Tennessee in the early days of our country, when all the land west of the Alleghenies was a vast wilderness. Young Crockett was a good hunter and spent most of his time scouring the woods for game. With "Old Betsy," as he called his rifle, on his shoulder, and his dogs at his heels, he tramped through the forest.

The other hunters said that all the raccoons in the woods knew him. One day as Davy was going to shoot a raccoon, which was up in a tree, he heard a voice asking, "Is your name David Crockett?"

"Yes," replied Davy.

"Then don't shoot. I'll come right down. I know I'm a gone coon!"

Of course this tale may not be strictly true. But Davy told all sorts of wonderful stories about his hunting adventures. Here is his story of one bear hunt:

"While I was resting, my old hound went to a log and smelt it, and after sniffing a moment, raised his head toward the sky and cried out. Away he went and my other dogs followed after him. When I got to them they were barking up a tree, but there was no game there. When they saw me, they went again and after awhile began to bark as before. When I got near them, I found that they were barking up the wrong tree again. Thus the dogs continued giving false alarms."

Davy's patience was exhausted, but the dogs still continued sniffing the air as if they scented game, so he kept on after them. "I pushed on till I came to the edge of a prairie," said Davy, "and there I saw about the biggest bear ever seen in America."

Davy got the bear and afterward he said, "I felt well satisfied that a dog may be doing a good business even when he seems to be barking up the wrong tree." After that, "barking up the wrong tree" became a popular expression in the West.

In all the country round his home no young man was better liked than Davy Crockett.



When Davy came to Washington he was called the "Coonskin Congressman" because he wore his coonskin hunting cap. Here he is with his gun, "Old Betsy"

Davy was to be more than a frontiersman and a hunter; for he was to "go ahead" as a Congressman in Washington. The people of Tennessee came to realize that he was a pretty dependable fellow. They decided to send him to represent them in Congress. He set out to convince the people of the state that he was the man they wanted to help make their laws. Sometimes he used rather original methods of winning votes. He tells how he got one man to vote for him.

"I come across a fellow who was floating down stream settin' in the stern of his boat fast asleep. Said I, 'Hello, stranger, if you don't take care, your boat will get away from you.'

"He looked up and said, 'I don't value you.'

"Said I, 'Come ashore, I can whip you. I've been tryin' all mornin' for a fight.'

"He run his boat head foremost ashore. I stood still, and at it we went. He was right smart, but hardly a bait for a feller like me. In ten minutes he yelled enough. Said he, 'You're a beauty and if I knewed your name I'd vote for you next election.'

"Said I, 'I'm Davy Crockett.'

"Said he, 'Good morning, stranger, I'm satisfied.'

"Said I, 'Good morning, sir, I feel better since our meeting. Don't forget about that vote.'"

On election day Davy was chosen by a large majority of the people. On his way to Washington he met a stranger at an inn, who asked him who he was.

"I'm Davy Crockett," answered Davy, "fresh from the backwoods, half horse, half alligator, a little touched with snappin' turtle. I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride a streak of lightning, hug a bear too close for comfort and eat any man opposed to Andrew Jackson."

In Washington, Crockett attracted much attention. He wore his deerskin hunting suit, and a coonskin cap with its bushy tail hanging down behind. He soon became known as the "Coonskin Congressman," and people flocked to see the representative from the backwoods of Tennessee, who told such tales.

Afterwards Davy said, "I didn't know what the government was. I didn't know but General Jackson was the government. And when some eddicated feller says to me, 'We need some changes in the judiciary,' I says, 'Very likely.' But if I knowed what he meant by 'judiciary' I'll be shot."

Davy didn't think much of the debates in Congress. He said: "Some men seem to take pride in saying a lot about nothing. Their tongues go like windmills, whether they have grist to grind or not. Some members of Congress do nothing at all for their pay but just listen day in and day out. But I wish I may be shot if I don't think they earn every penny

of it, considering most of the speeches. No one can imagine what dreadful hard work it is to keep awake and listen to what's said most of the time."

No party boss could tell the Coonskin Congressman what to think. "I'd as soon be a coon dog as to be obliged to do what any man or set of men told me to do," he said. "I will not submit to the party gee-whoa-haw."

In 1836 the people of Texas were fighting for independence from Mexico. Davy decided to go down and help them get it. "As my country no longer requires my services," he said, "reckon I'd better go down to Texas and give 'em a hand. There's something happening in Texas that makes me feel I want to be there. You know my motto, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.' Well, I know it's right. I have a long row to hoe, a long and rough one, but come what will, I'll go ahead!"

So, armed with his motto and Old Betsy, Davy Crockett went to Texas.

Davy joined a small band of Americans who were using an old mission in San Antonio, called the Alamo, as a fort. For eleven days the Texans held out. At last came an attack in overwhelming numbers and not one of those in the fort remained alive.

Davy Crockett kept a daily diary of all the happenings at the fort. On March 5, 1836, he made the following entry in his diary: "Pop! Pop! Pop! Bom! Bom! Bom! throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead! Liberty and independence forever!" These were Davy Crockett's last words.

Thus ended the life of Davy Crockett—frontiersman, hunter, Congressman and defender of liberty. He made sure that he was right, then he went ahead.

Emwah Goes Shopping

(Continued from page 179)

course upward, there was a way down into it. He knew it well. First, he must backtrack to throw those hyenas off his scent. He lowered his head to pick up the meat. A hyena whooped loudly directly behind Emwah. Startled, Emwah swung about. He brushed against the meat and it went hurtling down into the ravine. Away he went at once, up the edge of the ravine. No scent of meat went with him, so the hyenas did not follow, but stopped at the ravine's edge, sniffing at the place where the meat had lain.

It was not long before Emwah came quietly

padding down the bed of the ravine. He found his meat without trouble. In the distance he heard the complaining of the hyenas.

Emwah did not go straight to his den, but circled wide to make sure none followed him. Then, dodging underneath bushes bristling with long thorns, he sought the den's dark entrance. A low whine from his mate greeted him. While the thorny jungle all about resounded with roar, growl, wail and cry, the two jackals ate their dinner. It had not been easy for Emwah to bring home the bacon, but he had brought it. That counts most in the African wilds or in any other place.



PUBLICITY

News Parade

ENROLLMENT



CLEVELAND, Ohio, members are not wasting a single thing these days, and a recent report tells of the collection of tons upon tons of metal and keys. Quantities of fats and rags were salvaged. Other items put to good use included coat hangers, old silk and nylon stockings to be reclaimed for powder bags or other war uses, odds and ends of yarn for afghans, milkweed pods for "down" to fill pillows, ends of tin cans for ash trays, phonograph records to be sold for the Junior Red Cross Service Fund, playing cards to be reconditioned for men in service, rags to be made into rugs, broomsticks to be cut into checkers, newspapers to be transformed into bags for hospitals, toys to be reconditioned, pictures clipped for scrapbooks, discarded knitted garments to be unraveled, and the yarn used over again.

Dallas, Texas, members found the price paid by junk dealers for newspapers has gone down considerably, and so they tried to find another market for their collection. Wholesale florists, they discovered, need clean, neatly folded newspapers for packing their shipments, and one florist in the city promised to pay \$1.00 a hundred pounds for all that the members collected.

Junior Red Cross members of Mittineague School wrote in the *News Bulletin* published in Springfield, Massachusetts:

"This week metal was salvaged from our school attic for the war effort. Old chairs and desks were thrown to the ground. Then sixth-

grade boys, using heavy tools, separated wood from metal. Dirty hands and shining eyes were quite evident as the discarded furniture from the youngest of our two buildings (at least fifty years old) became a great mound of metal and a second heap of kindling wood.

"Boys are also making safety patrol flags to be used in addition to their shoulder belts at street intersections.

"Girls are serving the school by assisting in the care of first grade children as they come into school. Coats and rubbers are no longer a problem."

AS SUGGESTED in the **News** from time to time, schools enrolled in the Caddo Parish, Louisiana, Chapter have made flags of the thirty United Nations. When finished, the complete set of colorful satin flags will be held at Chapter Headquarters in Shreveport, where they will be available to schools planning special programs.

The Poster and Exhibit Section, Office of War Information, Washington, D. C., will send your school a copy of the new United Nations poster upon request. Flags of all thirty nations are shown in color.



JRC boys in Maqueyes School, Barceloneta, Puerto Rico, are planting Victory Gardens to save shipping space for foods which must be imported to their island

FULTON SCHOOL reports in *Cross-town*, published by the J. R. C. of Toledo, Ohio:

"The sixth-grade classes launched a drive for wire hangers and carried it through to a successful close. We

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION

FIRST AID



NUTRITION

ACCIDENT
PREVENTION



FRANK SCHAUBLE STUDIO

Children in local hospitals and institutions were delighted with the hundreds of soft toys made from left-over scraps by the Erie, Pennsylvania, Junior Red Cross members

earned \$11.25 in this way for our fund.

"A paper drive slogan, 'A Foot for Fulton and Freedom,' brought results. The rooms were given the privilege of earning letters spelling the words Fulton School, beautifully made of plywood and painted in school colors, to hang on their doors. A letter was awarded for each three feet of paper brought in. Keen interest in this drive has resulted in the collection of crates and crates of paper and magazines.

"A huge red cross, six feet high, was made by the art teacher assisted by an eighth grade boy, and placed in the center hall. Around it are arranged four boxes into which boys and girls may place pieces of scrap metal which they have brought. The metals are stored in the basement for the duration of the drive.

"A clever defense program was presented by the Junior High grades in the form of an 'Information, Please' at which the pupils of Fulton School were urged to bring in metals necessary to defense. The school was honored by the presence of a distinguished guest, Chief Yeoman Coulson, a naval officer, who presented a message of importance."



IN THE early spring, J. R. C. members in Cleveland, Ohio, started some flowering bulbs. At Easter-time, these were ready to send as gifts to a local home for old people.

 LETTERS like these to members in Earlham, Iowa, tell how much the hard work of Junior Red Cross members is appreciated. Remember to keep everything you make up to standard, so that always the gifts will be looked for with eagerness:

From Goodfellow Field, Texas: "We have received your package of cushion covers and wall hangings for patients at the Station Hospital here. On behalf of the military and the patients, I wish to express appreciation for the splendid work which Junior Red Cross members are doing to bolster morale of the soldier shut-ins."

From Fort Brady, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan: "We have just received the Chinese checkerboards and writing portfolios. At the present time, there are very few games of any sort here and the checkers will be of great benefit to the patients who are convalescing."

And to J. R. C. members everywhere from a Naval Base in the Canal Zone: "Each officer and man attached to the Section Base had a very pretty menu cover at Christmas dinner. The shipment arrived right on the very day: December 25th. You don't know how happy you folks made us all. It is nice to be thought of when we are far from home."



YOUNG Bobby Tomlin has just written from his school in Norfolk, England:

"I am very glad you came in the war. And that you send us clothes. I have got a pair of boots. When I came from London, I was in need of shoes. So the American Red Cross sent me some. They have lasted right up to now. And a lumber-jacket you sent me, too. It has had only one button off and one hole in it, so my teacher is going to darn it for me. It is very warm and comfortable. I have had it a year and four months. And you sent me a coat. I have still got it. And that has lasted me nearly a year and five months."

"There are twelve children in my family. Two of them are in the R. A. F. and one sister



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

is in the A. T. S. I wish you could come see us, but it is a long way across the ocean. I have seen that on the map. I am ten years old and when I am old enough I am going in the air force. I want to be a pilot. We saw an American bomber go over last week. It was so low we could see four men in it. I think they looked at us. It had a big star on it.

"We came away from London, and now we are in the smallest village. I am in the church choir. I'm sure your soldiers and ours will win the war. When I am a pilot I will come over to America to see you, and then I can thank you again and perhaps do something for you."

 **SIXTH-GRADERS** of Creston School, British Columbia, call themselves the "High Fliers." They are taking their First Aid very seriously. With the help of their teachers, they have fitted up a small space in their school as an emergency First Aid room. It contains a collapsible cot, which can also be used as a stretcher, a chair, and a small table fastened to the wall. The girls designed and hooked a rug for the floor, and made white dotted muslin curtains for the windows.

 **TO BRING** home the importance of accident prevention, members of Pasadena, California, gave a puppet show on the subject in every elementary school in the Chapter. The show was arranged by the Junior Red Cross with the help of the City Recreation Department.

Lynn, Massachusetts, members held an accident prevention assembly in every school. Pupils put on original skits dramatizing causes and results of accidents in the home. Two Red Cross movies on the subject were shown, too. An original safety bulletin, illustrated with clever cartoons, was given to each student to take home.

 **THIS STORY**, from Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, will interest Junior Red Cross members who have made covers for brailled stories for children in schools for the blind. You know, of course, that there is a special brailled edition of the **JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS** each month, and that blind mem-



COURTESY READING TIMES BY CLIFFORD YEICH

Backgammon and checkerboards, the careful work of these boys from Berks County, Reading, Pennsylvania, will help to amuse our men in military hospitals

bers are doing some fine J. R. C. work.

"While traveling on a train recently, one of our Red Cross Juniors noticed a little boy and his mother in a seat across the aisle. They seemed to be having great fun. The boy would pass his fingers over the cover of a book, then he would chuckle and laugh. The Red Cross Junior peeped over the boy's shoulder to find out the cause of his merriment. She soon found out!

"The boy was reading the book—not with his eyes, but with his fingers! He was blind and had learned to read by touch, or, as we say, by the braille system.

"He had read the story of 'The Hare and the Tortoise' by touch, and was now enjoying the picture on the cover. It was a cutout of a tortoise sitting by the side of the goal post, while the hare was just coming over the hill, just a little too late to win the race. By passing his fingers over these raised characters, the little boy was able to enjoy pictures as well as the story.

"As the boy turned over the book, the Red Cross Junior read: 'Cover made by members of the American Junior Red Cross.'"



VICTORY BOOK
CAMPAIGN



NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE



THE TICKATIVE CLOCK



Constance Savery

Pictures by Aline Appel

THREE was once a little clock with a large tick. Although it was a hard-working clock, nobody liked it because its large tick was so loud and shrill. It was constantly changing owners.

One day it was taken out of a box and put on the mantelpiece in Miss Madge Westerby's cottage by the sea. The cottage was in great confusion, because Miss Madge Westerby was busy moving house. She did not like living so close to the great white waves that beat against the sea gates, and she had decided to live in a pretty blue-washed cottage on top of a gentle hill, not far away, but beyond reach of the tossing waters. This was before war bombs began to fall on England.

Miss Madge Westerby was hard at work, now packing her possessions and now taking them over the meadows and up the hill in her donkey-cart; but from time to time she frowned at the noisy clock. At night she put it on an empty shelf in the back kitchen.

"How silly of her to put me in a place where I can't be heard!" thought the clock. "Surely she knows that it is a clock's duty to tick!"

So it ticked its noisy best all night. The next morning Miss Madge Westerby took it upstairs and put it into a lonely garret.

"Oh dear, oh dear, I'm afraid she doesn't like me as much as I thought she did!" it said to itself. "I hope this is a mistake."

Next day, Miss Madge Westerby had a visitor. Her little cousin Punch Westerby from the clock shop in Plum Alley, Oddwich, came to spend a few days with her, to help her in moving house. When he arrived Cousin Madge had worked so hard that only beds and chairs and a table and a few oddments were left in the cottage by the sea.

Punch was surprised to see a large round bundle on the sitting room table, tied up in an old green tablecloth.

"What's that, Cousin Madge?" he asked.

"If you listen, you'll find out," answered Cousin Madge.

Punch listened. "Why, it's a clock," he cried. "I can hear it ever so plainly through the green cloth. It's a very tickative clock."

Half stifled inside the green tablecloth, the clock throbbed with joy to hear itself praised, and ticked more noisily than ever.

"I declare to you, Punch, I've never known a moment's rest since this clock came into the house. I needed a new clock for my new house on the hill because my old clock is worn out, so I

bought this noisy thing. I've put it in the back-kitchen, and up in the garret, and I've wrapped it in a cloth but the more I try to silence it, the more it ticks."

The tickative clock was disappointed.

"But I know what a clock should do," it said to itself. "While there is any tick left in me, I shall TICK."

Night came, and the tickative clock was left alone in the dark. It was a wild night in the house by the sea gates. The waves roared and the winds flung themselves against the wooden shutters, bang, bang, bang; rattle, rattle, bang! "I shall have my work cut out if I intend to make myself heard through this noise," said the tickative clock. And it went on tick-tick-ticking steadily as of old.

Presently in the darkness of the night there came another noise in the midst of the rattling and crashing and roaring: quite a different noise, a splashing, slithering, sucking, slapping, slopping, squelching noise. It lollopped along by the roots of trees and swirled over flower beds and washed about the door. "Dear me!" said the tickative clock. "How can a clock contend against wind and wave and this queer splish-splashy sound into the bargain, I should like to know? But I'll make myself heard if I break all my works in the attempt. TTICK—TTICK—TTTTTICK!"

Upstairs, Punch could not sleep for the raging storm. He lay listening to the mingled noises till it seemed to him that, through and above them all, he could hear the ticking of the tickative clock. "Oh dear, what a noise it makes in my head!" groaned Punch. "It's noisier than any of the clocks in Uncle Paul's clock shop. I'll go downstairs and put it into the cupboard under the dresser."

He lighted a candle and went downstairs. As his bare feet pattered into the sitting room, they touched something cold and wet.

The next minute he was scrambling on to the kitchen table, shouting, "Cousin Madge, Cousin Maaaaadge, the sea is coming in under the doooooooor! The sea's coming under the doooooooor!"

Cousin Madge heard him.

"Yes, yes, what's the matter? What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"The sea is coming under the doooooooor!" yelled Punch. "I came downstairs to put the clock in the cupboard, and I walked into the sea-eeeeeeeeeee coming under the door!"

Cousin Madge rushed downstairs.

"Oh, my patience, so it is!" she shrieked. "The sea gates must have given way in the tempest—oh, mercy! To think that what I've feared for five-and-twenty years should have happened on my last night in the old home! Stay there on the table, Punch boy, and I'll throw your clothes across to you. And dress yourself as fast as you can. We'll have to take the boat and escape for our lives."

There was a great noise of running on the bare wooden stairs. Then Punch's clothes whizzed through the air and fell flop on the table.

"It isn't very easy to dress on a table that is beginning to wobble about, Cousin Madge!" shouted Punch.

"You hurry up!" Cousin Madge called from upstairs.

As he dressed, Punch could hear her rushing to and fro overhead. Soon she was downstairs again, wading across to the table.

"Here's the cashbox, Punch, and the

red carpetbag with my silver, and the two brass candlesticks, and grandfather's watch," she said. "Take care of them while I'm getting the boat. Don't move till I come back to you."

When Cousin Madge opened the door, a swirl of water ran in so fast that the hearthrug rose sedately from its place and began to swim neatly round the room, accompanied by Cousin Madge's knitting and a brush. The white cat Fluffy stood with arched back on the stove, mewing loudly. "Stop it, you silly Fluff!" said Punch. "It won't do any good." But Fluffy did not stop.

Through the window Punch could see the moon shining down on sheets of sil-

ver water that lay where meadows had once been. The water rose higher and higher round the table. "Tick—tick—tick," said the tickative clock, ticking bravely and calmly on.

There was a bump and a shout, and through the doorway poked the nose of Cousin Madge's rowboat. Cousin Madge was in the boat, holding fast by the doorpost.

"Come on, come on," she said. "If we have a minute to spare, we must fetch the fowls and my poor old Neddy. Quick, bring Fluffy and the things on the table. Quick now!"

Splash went Punch into the water. "Ooooh, cold!" said he.

"Quick, quick, never you mind about cold!" called Cousin Madge.

"Here's Fluffy and the silver," said Punch, splashing over to the boat. "Hold her tight, Cousin Madge, or she'll bolt. I'll get the other things in a minute. Here they are. There's the watch—there's the cashbox—the candlesticks. Now—"

"Stop, stop!" said Cousin Madge. "You've left something."

"Oh, you don't want the tickative clock, do you?" said Punch.

"Indeed I do!" said Cousin Madge.

Cousin Madge's rowboat poked through the doorway. "Quick, quick! We haven't a minute to spare," she cried to Punch





With shouts and squawks and mews and hee-haws and loud ticking, the "Bessie Bell" glided on

The tickative clock ticked very loudly indeed for joy. It kept ticking gaily as the boat swung through the back garden and bumped heavily against the floating henhouse.

"I'll just have a try at rescuing my biddies," it heard Cousin Madge say. "Hold the oars tight, Punch, and don't you let them slip. I'll tie the house on behind with the mooring-rope—so—and we'll tow it along."

"Squarrrrrrrrrkitty-squarrk!" said the fowls in the henhouse.

"Tick—tick—TTICK!" said the tickative clock, trying to outdo them. "Dear, dear, I believe they are going to take the donkey on board!"

For Punch was unfastening the stable door, and Cousin Madge was saying coaxingly, "This way, Neddy! Step up, good lad! One hoof here and the other hoof there—that's right."

"Hee haw!" said Neddy.

And with shouts and squawks and mews and hee-haws and loud ticking, the crew and passengers of the *Bessie Bell* glided out of the garden and into the watery meadows. Presently Punch unrolled the green cloth, and the tickative clock lay on his knee looking up at the moon and stars far above him. "A very large number of clocks, but *they* can't

tick," said the proud tickative clock.

Then it listened to what Cousin Madge was saying to Punch.

"Under Providence, that clock saved our lives, Punch," said Cousin Madge. "I'll never grumble at the noise of it again, and I'll keep it on my mantelpiece as long as I live."

Over the flooded meadows went the boat, rowed by Cousin Madge's strong arms, until the water became shallower and shallower. Then the *Bessie Bell* grounded with a bump.

"We'll pull her up a bit higher and make her fast," said Cousin Madge, "and then we'll hurry up to the house and light a fire and get some food for ourselves and the animals."

And a few minutes later the tickative clock found itself in the sitting-room of Cousin Madge's new house. A fire was crackling away, and Cousin Madge and Punch were drinking hot tea and eating biscuits out of a tin.

"We'll put the clock on the mantelpiece, and then we shall feel really settled in!" said Cousin Madge. "It's the best little clock I ever saw."

The tickative clock swelled itself out and tried to make a very fine speech; but all it could say was just TTIICCKK—TTIICCKK—TTIICCKK.

J.R.C. IN APPLE ALLEY



